

# THE DAILY CHATTANOOGA REBEL ARMY EDITION.

THE DAILY REBEL.  
GRiffin, Ga.

If any one time is more important than another in the history of a great revolution, the present is the crisis of our struggle for independence. The conviction has evidently fixed itself upon the minds of the people, both North and South, that unless the vandal hordes are successful in their efforts to over-run us in the present year's campaign, we shall have reached at least the beginning of the end; when the great mass of the dedicated followers of Abraham Lincoln, regardless of the nature of the crime and folly with which they have been waging an indefensible, cruel and unnatural war, will begin the inauguration of a policy that will admit of no submission without much further effusion of blood.

Every careful observer must realize that the final solution of the questions at issue demands more upon the results of the next three months than upon the results of any period since the war began.

We regard it as virtually crushed by the Lincoln party itself, that unless successful in the present campaign, their plan of subjugation is a failure, and a new policy will prevail, however much against the wishes of those now in power.

In view of these facts, becomes every citizen of the South, whether old or young, in the field or at home, whether his means for usefulness be great or small, to exert himself, not with ordinary effort, but to the utmost to strengthen our cause, to repel the enemy, to procure the safety of his wife and children, and to defend his house and property.

In this great work, as all are moved, so every one can find something to do. The enemy are straining every nerve to preserve their predominant position. To meet this we must have every man in the field capable of bearing arms, who can assist the government more effectively elsewhere. And to secure this, much depends upon the spirit of our fathers and mothers, wives and sisters. They have a moral influence to exert, a divine exercise of which is as binding upon them as the duty of the soldier who immediately confronts the enemy. That duty is to stimulate and encourage the soldier, cheering for him a high standard of excellence, placing a full appreciation of the service he is called upon to discharge, discomfiting him in all instances, especially to lag behind, shrink or otherwise avoid duty. Let not the father or mother disengage their son, or the wife her husband, by encouraging a disposition to keep out of the service or absent from his command. Let those at home feel that there is much that they can do in laboring to support the army by rigid economy in the domestic affairs and a liberal disposal of all their surplus to the government, by contributions to Schwab's of needy families of soldiers, by unceasing attention to the sick and wounded, and by my and all means that will impress vigor and strength on our army, thereby increasing the chances of detecting the purposes of the enemy as to destroy the last hope which lies in now marching for our subjugation and ruin.

Our lives, liberty, home and property constitute its great stake, in which all are involved and in defense of which every man's services are required. It makes no odds whether the camp is at home, every man at his post, and to his country, and she should feel, therefore, safe in labor in our fields, and

justly due to the government. In case we fall as another.

If we want independence from those who are seeking to put an iron yoke upon us, if we want the right of property from those who are seeking to rob us, if we want the right to live in a house which has carried sadness into almost every household—above all, if we want honor, that our children in after times may not be made ashamed of their fathers, the present is the auspicious hour for all hearts and all hands to unite in rendering the last great effort of the common cause. We speak it soberly. Let every one seriously consider.

There is no sufficient reason why the press dispatches should not be reliable, as they all times interesting, giving a rumor that which is rumors, and as fact that which is fact. Under the organization of the Associated Press, our messages have never failed them, but only for obtaining, but for transmitting, the earliest and most reliable intelligence from all parts of the country. Yet it is apparent to every one that they fall very far short of that degree of energy, accuracy and skill that might be expected of them. When they should be full they will be mighty, and when they should be brief they will be something correspondingly full. Worse than this, they are frequently confused, as in the late disputes concerning the raid of Gen. Forrest upon Memphis. But more obnoxious still, they are often untrue, which brings in question the reliability of all as in the dispatches from Atlanta in Wednesday's paper announcing that an over raiding party of the enemy in "large force" had passed through Fayetteville, thus creating a false alarm in the public mind, which it should have been the province of the reporter to prevent tranquility.

We make brief mention of these errors of complaint by way of directing the attention of those interested, and of securing a remedy on the part of those who have the power under their control. There is no good reason why these dispatches should not be the chief feature of interest with every paper, and a just cause for pride with all who witness it, to get them up.

**Trans-Mississippi Try.**

The following extract from a private letter dated Macou, Miss., August 15th, gives the evolution of the hasty retreat of the Yankee force recently threatening Mississippi. We are not prepared to say what truth there is in the report, but can only hope that it is true.

"Forrest has again whipped the enemy, who are said to be retreating towards McCombion's account of a report that 10,000 Trans-Mississippi troops had crossed, or were crossing, at Grenada. The yankee force is estimated at 20,000 men."

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**The Crops in North Carolina.** From the paper we learn that the corn crop is

## TENNYSON'S NEW POEMS.

From the Philadelphie Press.

A volume of poems by Alfred Tennyson is to be welcomed—especially when, as in "Maud," shows weakness. His latest production, "Idylls of the King," showed maturity of power, and the author of "In Memoriam" which are narrative, written in that easy blank verse which many have attempted but without success.

The first story, called "Streets of Arden," tells of a fisherman for his hero, and a fishing hunter for his heroine. The time is a hundred years ago. "Maud" is a rough sailor lad. Philip Andrea is a rough sailor son, and Andrea Lee is the mother of the two.

The prettiest story in the poem, "The Idylls of the King," is that which follows in the poet,

"The first Idyll, 'The Idylls of the King,' which

is the first Idyll in the poem, 'The Idylls of the King.'

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